

had no objection to being called "Thad": at the same time they felt there was a difference between him and themselves, and they said: "He is a foreigner!"

At last the seventh of December came and Thaddeus felt as if he could never wait until the next morning. The day was very long for him; it was rather dull, but not with the dullness that threatens a storm, but rather that which seems to be holding back the brightness, keeping the sunshine covered up, so that it will be more appreciated on the next day.

Good Mrs. Morrison had prepared everything for Thaddeus with the same energy that had wrought such havoc with her oilcloth, and when her husband came home from work, he showed his appreciation of the occasion by announcing that though his work would not permit him to attend to the half past seven Mass, he would go to Communion at the six o'clock.

The altar was rich with flowers and lights, the cold December sun was made soft and warm by passing through the stained glass windows, and floated in patches of rich color here and there among the pillars and dark recesses behind the altar.

When the moment of Communion came and Thaddeus realized, as the priest came down the altar-steps, holding the golden ciborium, that the great God whom heaven and earth cannot contain was before him in the sanctuary, and that Our Lord was walking towards him, just as truly as He approached the prostrate cripple on the road in Galilee, his young heart leaped, and the gentle words he loved so well seemed whispered by Our Lord Himself: "Greater love than this no man hath!" The time of thanksgiving flew past; he could frame no words but laid his heart and mind and life at the Master's feet, and there let the glory and peace sink into his soul.

On the way home Thaddeus felt stangely happy; a sense of manliness unknown before seemed to possess him and he